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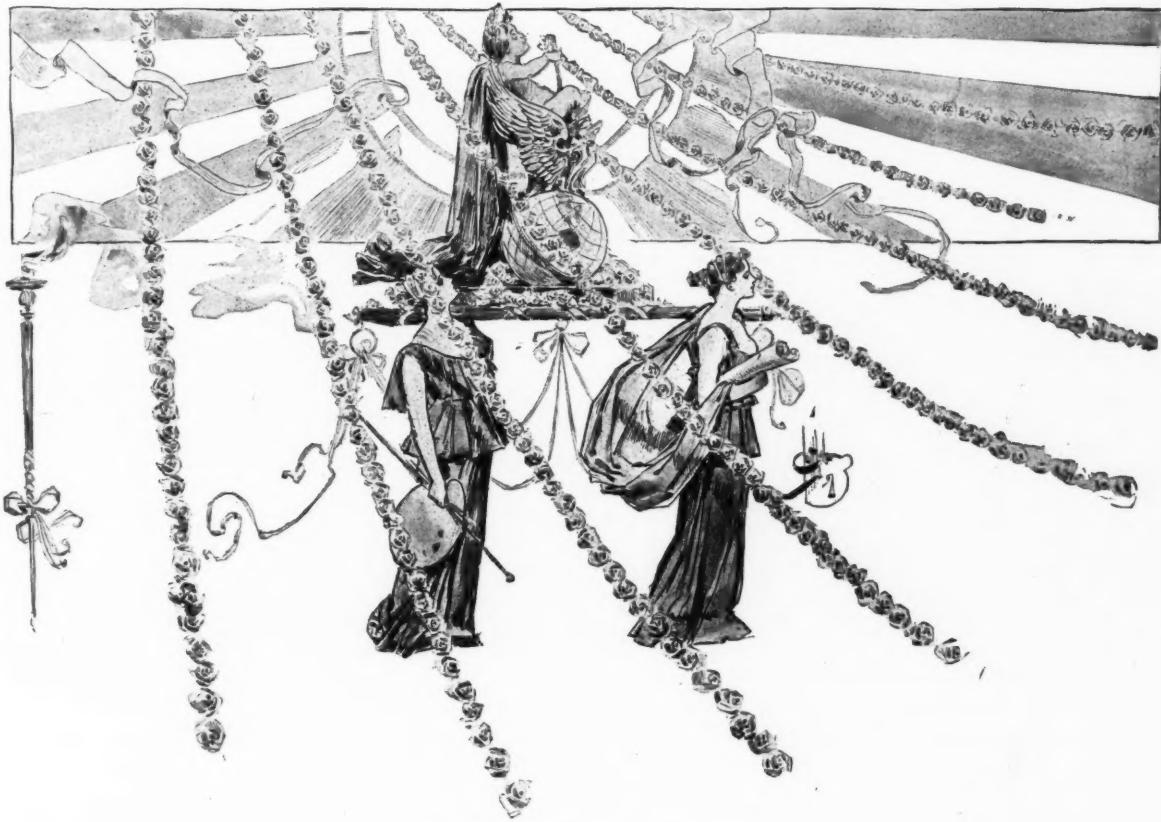
At Very
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West 23d St.

VOLUME XXIII.

LIFE.

NUMBER 595.



LIFE GOES TO HIS NEW HOME.

WE MOVE!

IT is, of course, only natural that when an institution like LIFE changes its residence the civilized world should become more or less excited.

We go to our new home in West Thirty-first street, which means that art, literature and general progress move up eight blocks. But the sun, moon, stars and other heavenly bodies will continue to revolve, as heretofore, about what is left of Twenty-third street. It is not expected by scientists that our moving from one temple to another will cause any disastrous physical irregularities, such as floods, earthquakes or eclipses. Those things are not only unusual in this latitude, but the actual weight of what we take with us is not sufficient

to disturb the earth's equilibrium. Some of the jokes may be heavy, and the cat weighs something, but the editors and business manager are packed away in camphor, and will, with a few bales of poetry, be floated over by a toy balloon.

Our cartoon gives a better idea of this important event than any number of words, although conveying, of course, no impression of the music and color, or of the popular enthusiasm.

WOULDN'T REPEAT.

"I AM going to spend a week up at the Barker's in Riverdale," said Borely.

"So Barker told me," said Cynicus.

"What did he say?"

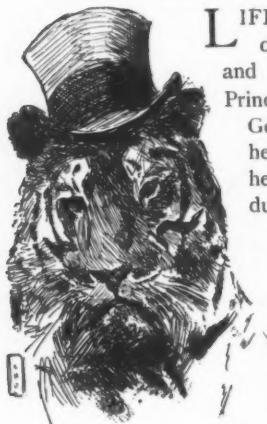
"Well, really, Borely, I don't like to say. I never use profane language."



"While there's Life there's Hops."

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28 WEST TWENTY-THIRD STREET, NEW YORK.

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LIFE congratulates Mr. Richard Croker on his timely retirement from the cares and responsibilities of active political life. Prince Bismarck, Mr. Croker's well-known German contemporary, lately said that he stayed in office ten years' longer than he intended, and that nothing would induce him to put his harness on again. Mr. Gladstone, the eminent British boss who lately retired, allowed his political labors to engross his energies so long that his friends are in doubt now whether he can interest himself enough in any of the occupations of private life to give his energies the employment that their maintenance demands. Warned perhaps by Prince Bismarck's precept or Mr. Gladstone's example, Mr. Croker, like the reticent but sagacious leech, has dropped off at the precise moment when he felt that he had got enough. Thanks to timely thrift and the ability to improve his opportunities, he has amassed a modest competence. Having employed the tiger to drive the wolf from his door, he feels it advisable now to shoo the tiger off too, and to devote himself, before incurable age has impaired his capacity for enjoyment, to the development and acceleration of that fascinating quadruped the horse. Private life, discreetly removed from the possibility of privation, has countless attractions which Mr. Croker will enjoy all the more by contrast with his past labors. His decision vindicates the reputation for perspicacity which he has long enjoyed. As the fleeing ploughboy observed when his horse stepped into a hornet's nest, "any time is a good time to put one's hand to the plough, but it takes a discriminating intelligence to know when to let go."

* * *

FROM some men the sense of humor is withheld for their commercial good, that they may find profits in directions which would be closed to them if they had it. Such a person must be the Western New York professor who has applied for a patent on "individual chalices" for church use. It has been discovered that the old-fashioned communion cup is unsanitary, and the new plan is to give every

communicant a cup of his own. Salvation is free as heretofore, but the immemorial sentiment of those in charge of its material apparatus, that the use of the apparatus should command its fee, is as much alive as ever. It may really be no more irreverent or unfit to patent a chalice than to copyright a hymn book, but it certainly is funnier.



In this hard year when money is scarce and fun difficult to come by, the precipitation of the woman-suffrage discussion has been a great piece of good luck. Talk is cheap, and yet good talk ranks among the most esteemed species of fun. There has been abundance of first-rate talk upon the suffrage question and an immense amount of resulting entertainment. If the State of New York is to be made the *corpus vile* of political experiment, it is no more than right that it should have all compensation that the test can afford. The discussion between the antis and the suffragists has certainly proved worth some risks. However it turns out, we are all the debtors of the enthusiastic citizens who stirred it up. It has interested everybody of intelligence in the State, and those whom it hasn't edified it has amused. When it is remembered that but for the timely launching of the suffrage question we might have been driven to talk all through the spring about the Senate and the tariff, our obligations to woman loom up bigger and brighter than ever.



"She had a considerable fortune left her, by aid of which, as with a golden spade, she hoped to bury her American extraction."

So writes young Mr. Benson, the Archbishop of Canterbury's son, of one of the characters in his last story. American ladies meditating a British alliance will please make a note and meditate thereon. What dismal testimony is given and reiterated in the modern British novel, of the extreme importance attached by our transmarine cousins to marrying money. We cannot be too often thankful that we live in a country that has extent and resources enough to offer to all the competent and deserving men in it a fair chance to make a decent living by their own exertions. It might be a pretty hard fate to be cooped up in a small island where there are not chances enough to go around and where thousands of young men are confronted by the prospect of laborious exile, with the alternative of marrying an American for support.

A MYSTERY.



"DO YOU KNOW THE NATURE OF AN OATH?"
"DON'T KNOW HOW IT IS WID MOST FOLKS, JUDGE, BUT WID ME, RECKON IT'S SORT OF A SECOND NATURE."

OUR BOY.

THE figure of LIFE at the top of this week's cover is from the statue by Mr. Martiny that will, in another week or two, survey the passing crowd from his niche over the entrance to our new building. It is one of the most artistic figures that this distinguished sculptor has created. Although more than twice the size of life, it is a graceful, easy pose, with spirit and vitality in every line. This figure is a fitting climax to the originality and exquisite taste that Messrs. Carrère and Hastings have lavished upon the building.

AN INFERENCE ONLY.

"DO you believe in the Transmigration of Souls?" asked Mizer.

"Yes. Don't you?" said Hicks.

"Sometimes. What do you suppose I was before I became a man?"

"Oh, I don't know. A sponge, I guess."

FREE OIL FOR THE PUBLIC.

"DEAR me!" cried Mrs. Binks, "the oil is all gone, and we can't light our lamps."

"Give me a tin pail," said Binks. "I'll go out and stand under the elevated railroad and get you some in a minute."

IT is reported that the Yale students are about to petition for optional prayers and compulsory baseball.



DAINTY maid, fair maid, your name I fain would know,
For every time I see your face more sorrowful I grow.
When you were dropped upon the pave and I came walking by,
I took you up and looked at you with far from eager eye.

But this soon changed to interest, and then to something more,
Until at last I have to own, a woman I adore
Whose voice I've never heard, whose hand I've never pressed,
To whom I've never compliment nor gallant speech addressed.

And then I sought the photo man and told to him my tale,
But tears, entreaties, gold galore, did not with him avail
To wrest from him the secret that haunts me day and night—
The name to go with the sweet face that's ever in my sight.

It may be Doris, Phyllis, Iolanthe, Mary Jane,
But I'm strongly of opinion it's something like Elaine;
And when it comes to surnames I'm ready to affirm
It's not a name like Boggs or Grimes to make my fancy squirm.

Rose-like, by any other name you'd still be dear to me,
For with the Scottish poet, Burns, I certainly agree
That guineas are not purer from the guinea stamp they bear,
And I'm sure that you are lovely whatever name you wear.

Metcalf.



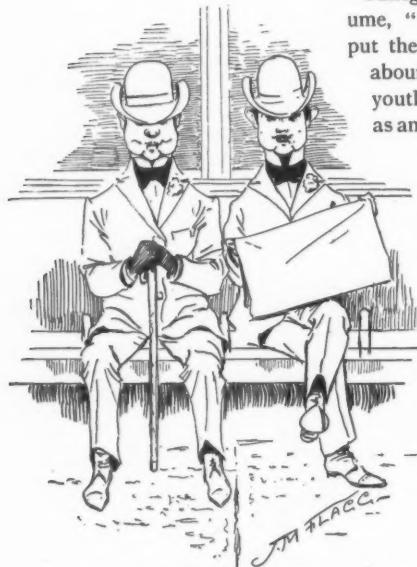
WHOLESALE AMERICAN STORIES.

SO much has been said about the unwholesome fiction recently published that the reading public is in danger of losing sight of a great many clean, interesting and workmanlike stories that have appeared here. It is surely to the credit of American writers that the half dozen morbid studies of nervous conditions, which have masqueraded as novels, all come from across the water. The conditions seem to be reversed, and what Mr. Kipling delights to call the Great Pie Belt appears to have lost its influence for evil over American writers. Our novels have given over being introspective, with tinges of dyspepsia; but the so-called "higher education of woman" is doing its deadly work in England, and the victims are writing what they like to name "emancipated fiction." We escaped with a light attack of it several years ago, in what may be labelled The Quick-or-the-Dead Epoch.

Without doubt the short stories of Richard Harding Davis have done a great deal toward getting American fiction out of the cold cellar of ill-regulated thought into the sunshine and open air. From

"Gallegher" to his latest volume, "The Exiles," he has put the fresh sensations and abounding good spirits of youth into his fiction. Take as an example the narrative of a true episode called "The Right of Way," in the latest collection. It is a good, wholesome college lark—of no great importance, perhaps, but surely of much more interest to a healthy mind than the vain imaginings of a misplaced governess.

It should also be set down to the credit of a much-praised author that, with every temptation to be easy with himself, he has never done a more careful piece of work than his longest story, "The



HARD TIMES WITH THE CHAPPIES.

"IT'S A SHAME, FWEDDIE, THAT I CAWN'T MOVE INTO ANOTHER APAHTMENT. THIS ONE I LIVE IN NOW IS TOO DEUCED EXPENSIVE Y'KNOW!"

"WELL, WHY DON'T YOU?"

"WHY, ME DEAH FELLAH; I'VE GOT AT LEAST A HUNDWD VISITING-CAWDS WITH MY PWESENT ADDWESS ON THEM, AND I'VE GOT TO ECONOMIZE, Y'KNOW!"



"THE COMPLETE ANGLER, OR CONTEMPLATIVE MAN'S RECREATION."—NOT BY ISAAK WALTON.

"Exiles," which shows a breadth of characterization, and a more serious insight than he has heretofore revealed.

* * *

ANOTHER wholesome story, with the fresh air of the plains in it, is "On the Offensive," by George I. Putnam, who made his début as an army novelist with "In Blue Uniform," about a year ago. This second story has more action in it than the first, without losing any of the charm of quiet army post life. Mr. Putnam is the first writer of army stories to show that the officers have any life or ambitions apart from or at variance with the official life which their uniforms symbolize. The underlying theme in "On the Offensive," is the great question whether, after all, the army in time of peace is a fit career for a young man of ability and ambition.

* * *

FOR skilful workmanship, combined with a keen eye for character and sympathetic insight, the nine short stories by Bliss Perry (collected under the title "Salem Kit-tredge and Other Stories") are easily among the most effective of recent collections. They also illustrate (as do the writings of Mr. Davis and Mr. Putnam) that the young men who write American short stories are well-equipped, observing, and unprovincial—with the broad view that comes from health and experience. These tales range from Heidelberg to Bar Harbor—and in whatever country the characters are placed they show those kindly sentiments that make all decent people kin.

Droch.



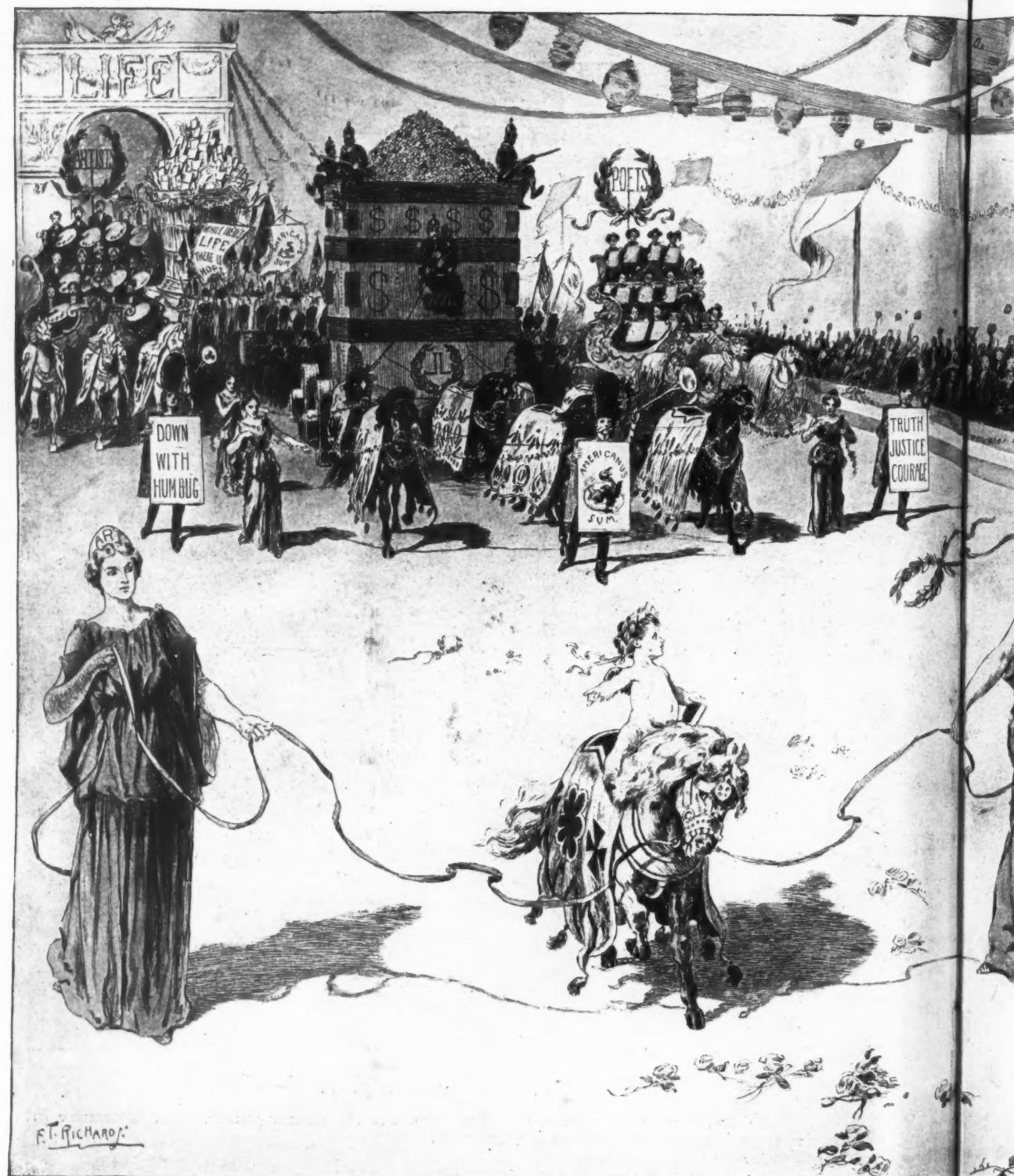
AN EXACTING LOVE.

He : SHE IS VERY PLEASANT, YOUR FRIEND HERE, BUT FRIGHTFULLY JEALOUS. HER ENGAGEMENT WITH THAT JAPANESE DIPLOMAT IS BROKEN OFF, YOU KNOW.

She : No! WHY WAS THAT?

He : SHE FOUND HE HAD EMBRACED CHRISTIANITY.

LIFE



LIFE MOVES INTO HIS NEW

LIFE



INTO HIS NEW BUILDING.



SPRING OFFERINGS.



At the Broadway Theatre we have "Tabasco," for which there is this much to be said: It is worse than a good many comic operas produced before the New York public, and it is not so bad as a good many others. It belongs along somewhere in that middle section of productions whose merits depend entirely upon the mental make-up and physical condition of the spectator. If you are simple-minded, not over-critical, and happen to be feeling well, you are likely to find "Tabasco" funny and pleasing. If you insist that a comic opera shall be comic throughout and free from chestnuts, if your musical taste demands something more than the commonplace, and if your dinner does not happen to have agreed with you, you are likely to come away with the idea that "Tabasco" is rather dreary.

Mr. Thomas Q. Seabrooke, the star of the production, is a clever comedian, and makes the most of the material at his command. His librettist has not been generous in the opportunities afforded to Mr. Seabrooke to be funny, and judging by the chestnutty gags provided for Mr. Otis Harlan, it is perhaps well that it is left to Mr. Seabrooke's own brains to fatten the part with fun as it grows older. The



HE FOOLISHLY OFFERS TO HOLD THE BABY FOR A MOMENT UNTIL SHE RETURNS.

support is above the average, especial credit being due to Mr. Walter Allen, who impersonates the usual comic-opera oriental-king-with-a-harem. Miss Elvia Crox is a shapely and graceful young person, for whom it might be possible to prophesy a good future in this line of work if it were made a condition that she should abbreviate her too evident idea of her own importance.

* * *

"*GUDGEONS*," at the Empire, is a frothy importation which comes very near being a successful comedy. The motive of the piece is that characteristic of some high-born Britons which makes almost any way of gaining a livelihood seem preferable to actual, honest work. In this instance the particular Briton is *James Ffollott Treherne, Esquire*, untitled, but with the assumed snobbish manner of three or four dukes, earls and cads. The play candidly shows that the cad part is genuine.

The proposed "gudgeons" are naturally Americans—confiding father, newly rich, and marriageable daughter. This is a lovely type that our glorious nation has furnished the satirists of the old world, and, frankly, we think the constant use they make of the material is not bad for us as a people. The more the national type of jackass is held up to ridicule the more quickly we recognize him and his family as being our own special production and the sooner he is apt to become extinct. In this case the dramatists have been very lenient and have rather glorified than ridiculed him. They make *Howard R. Harrison* a simple old *parvenu* with a weakness for indulging his daughter *Persis*, who seems to have some vague craving to be introduced in English society. All they see of it is the broken-down *Treherne* outfit and *Reginald Ffollott*, a young Englishman of the better sort



Lo Bengula: DO YOU KNOW THAT THE BEARDED LADY DIED LAST NIGHT?

Young-man-afraid-of-the-soap: YES, I HEARD ABOUT IT. IT'S AWFUL SAD. SHE LEFT A WIFE AND THREE CHILDREN.



curtain-raiser and not enough for a three-act comedy.

Metcalf.

BY ALL MEANS.

HAZEL: Sandstone has asked me to lend him \$5, and I don't know whether to do it or not. Would you?

NUTTE (earnestly): I would, old man. He invited me to dine with him this evening.

who, of course, after various humorous episodes, marries *Persis*.

Mr. Henry Miller makes of *Treherne* a very smooth article of English rascal, indeed. It is a lighter character than Mr. Miller has been seen in for some time, and he gets out of it all the fun it contains, making it a very clever bit of acting. The part of *Mrs. Treherne* makes no call upon the powers of Miss Viola Allen. The rest of the work lies well within the abilities of the members of the Empire Company.

There is not enough of "Gudgeons" to entitle it to long life. It contains too much material for a

TOO MUCH.

BELOWEATH the hammock where she swung I lay on robes of fur, And when by chance it came unhung, I was much struck with her.

PLEASANT STATISTICS.

LIFE'S readers stood by him stanchly in his fight for the Sunday opening of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and they may be pleased to learn that of the six hundred and fifty thousand-odd visitors admitted to the museum during the last year, about one-third went on Sunday afternoons. No cases of vandalism have been reported on the part of these Sunday visitors and none of the dire results predicted by the opponents of the movement have come to pass. The fight was worth making.

HOW HE ESCAPED.

DASHAWAY: What luck did you have in Texas?

BILLBOARD (the tragedian): I played to full houses.

DASHAWAY: That's great luck, old man.

BILLBOARD: Yes. They were so full that they couldn't shoot straight.

MANY TIMES REFUSED.

KITTY: Why have you never married?

OLD BONDER: I had a great many reasons for remaining single.

KITTY: How interesting! I had no idea you had been such a universal lover.





QUESTIONS OF THE HOUR

SHALL THE WORD "MALE" BE
STRICKEN OUT?

Is there a sadder sight than that of a woman, with outward indications of intelligence, arguing for the right to vote? A drunkard in a gutter, a debt you cannot pay, a Fifth Avenue stage—these also are unpleasant things, and are sometimes ridiculous and hard to forgive, but they are far less dangerous than the woman who wants to vote.

Why, O misguided angels, can you not see that for every vote offered by an intelligent member of your sex, at least four will be cast by those who are neither intelligent nor thoughtful, and whose interests are hostile to your own? Your inability to grasp this simple truth is in itself overwhelming proof of how dangerous you can become when once possessed of an idea. You are only endeavoring to aggravate an existing evil; to multiply the ignorant vote that is already sufficiently strong to render good government almost impossible in our larger cities.

Open but one of your lovely eyes and, if you can see anything, you can see this. Try and remember that the wife of every burglar, anarchist and pauper; that the wife of every ignorant foreigner of any possible description will march beside you to the ballot box, and will swamp you, fathoms deep, by a majority so overwhelming that conservative, order-loving citizens will curse you with a curse so heavy and so black that you yourself will turn about and curse the hour of your birth.

And the women who vote would also serve on juries. Now, LIFE is no more prudish than the law allows, but he does sympathize with certain narrow, unprogressive males who would dislike having their daughters or even their wives locked up all night in a jury room with six men of random morals and antecedents, discussing the evidence in a divorce suit.

J. A. M.

\$ \$ \$

WORKMAN (*to solitary member in big room of New York Metropolitan Club*): Sorry to disturb you, sir, but I have to fix this window.

SOLITARY MEMBER (*moving*): Why certainly, certainly. No consequence.

WORKMAN: You are the first real gentleman I have seen in this club. Those millionaires in brass buttons, that the hall is full of, have no manners; they treat me like hell.

AN EARLIER RECORD.

MRS. CUMSO (*reading*): Spectacles were first made in Italy in 1234.

MR. CUMSO: My recollection is that Noah made a spectacle of himself soon after leaving the ark.

FARE \$7.98.

SYMPATHETIC STRANGER (*to tramp*): Amid the vast population of this great city have you never found a voice that took you back to the scenes of your childhood?

TRAMP (*with disgust*): Naw—allus had to walk.



Mrs. L. : AND SO YOU WENT TO THAT HORRID, VULGAR BURLESQUE FIRST.

Mr. L. : YES, DEAR, BUT I —

Mrs. L. : THAT'S ALL RIGHT. I ONLY WANT TO KNOW IF YOU SAW ANY GOOD IDEAS FOR MY NEW BATHING COSTUMES.

IN CHURCH.

A CROSS the aisle I see her kneel,
While her pure thought to Heaven wings.
There is no sign upon her brow
Of worldly care or temporal things.

But I am sure she would not kneel
Quite so demurely if she knew
The sunlight through the painted glass
Had dyed her features green and blue.

A POLITICAL ARGUMENT.

"THAT'S an honest bill before the Senate."
"It must be—Senator Hill opposes it."
"Well, it's not sound Democracy."
"It certainly is—the New York *Sun* denounces it."

FIRST DEAF MUTE (*speaking on his fingers*) : What chance is there for you and me in the business world, I'd like to know.

SECOND DEAF MUTE : Plenty, plenty. Let's start a barber shop.

"YOU'LL have to wear spectacles," said the doctor.

"I'd pwefer a monocle," said Chappie.

"But both of your eyes are affected," observed the doctor.

"Then I shall wear two monocles," said Chappie.



"HE STOOD FIRST ON ONE FOOT, AND THEN ON THE OTHER."

LIFE



MISSOURI JUDGE: Stand up, sir. Have you anything to say why the sentence of the law should not be passed on you?

"I'm not the prisoner, yer honor, I'm a detective——"

JUDGE (*fiercely*): Is that any reason?—*Cleveland Plaindealer*.

FIRST QUACK: Here is a letter it would hardly do for us to publish. A man writes: "I have just taken the first bottle of your medicine——"

SECOND QUACK: Well?

FIRST QUACK: There it breaks off short and is signed, in another handwriting, "per executor."—Exchange.

THERE was trouble in the Blifkins household. Mr. Blifkins did not like the hired girl, and he demanded that she be discharged. Mrs. Blifkins said she would not discharge her, and the battle waged fiercely.

"She's no good," said Mr. Blifkins; "she can't cook."

"I know it," acknowledged Mrs. Blifkins.

"Her bread is soggy and her biscuits are like stones."

"I know it," acknowledged Mrs. Blifkins.

"You admit that she irons execrably."

"I do."

"She can't sweep without tearing up the carpet, and she can't dust without breaking something every time she switches her dusting cloth around."

"I admit that, too."

"She is cross to the children."

"She is."

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"She isn't neat about the kitchen."

"I know it."

"Then," roared Mr. Blifkins, "why in blazes do you want to keep her?"

Mrs. Blifkins thought of the weary hours she had spent in hunting for servant girls and grew desperate. "Because," she said, with a view to temporizing until she could think of a reasonable excuse, "because — because — because —"

"Because what?" and Mr. Blifkins shouted so loud the neighbors could hear him.

"Because nothing. Fire her out!"

Mrs. Blifkins drummed her fingers on the table and thought as hard as she could for an excuse. Mr. Blifkins raged around the room like a bear with a sore paw. "Because what?" he shouted. "Now, madam, I want you to give an excuse, and that mighty quick, or I will go out and discharge her myself!"

Mrs. Blifkins was at her wits' ends. She twisted around nervously in her chair. Finally a thought struck her. "I don't want to discharge her," she said, and there was a ring of triumph in her voice, "because —"

"Because what?" broke in her husband. "Hurry, and out with it."

"Because she carries out the garbage so beautifully."

Do you wonder that Mr. Blifkins didn't get home until 4:30 o'clock the next morning?—*Buffalo Express*.

"I WENT to a fine dinner, last night, where all the forks and knives and spoons were of silver."

"Let's see them."—*Haloo*.

IN Spain it is the ambition of grandes to unite in themselves as many grandeesses as possible by marriage of heiresses, whose names and titles are assumed by their husbands; whence the old story of a benighted grande, who knocked at a lonely inn, and when asked as usual "Quién es?" (who is there?), replied, "Don Diego de Mendoza Silveo Ribero Guzman Pimental Osario Ponce de Leon Gumaga, Accora Tellez y Giron, Sandoval y Boxas, Velasco Man—"

"In that case," interrupted the landlord, shutting his window, "Go with God. There is not room for half of you."—*A Century of Anecdote*.

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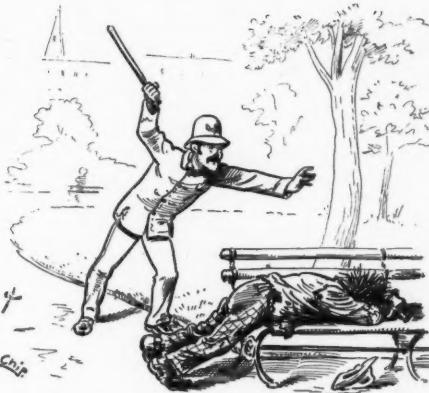


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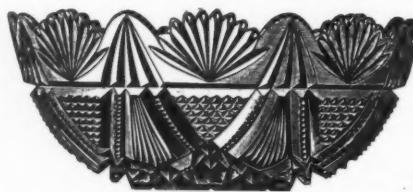
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